

THE MARBLE HILL PRESS

J. S. MILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL - MISSOURI

It is hard to please people who do not know what they want.

Nothing changes a person's manner more thoroughly than to want something.

Perhaps more good might be accomplished by ringing a curfew for grown people.

They deserve to be slaves themselves who will make no effort to secure liberty for others.

You can make lots of headway sometimes by admitting you are wrong when you are not.

If some people knew that the sun had spots on it, they would almost worry themselves to death.

There are but few occasions in an average lifetime when a man is an absolute free agent in what he does.

When we are children, we would rather be whipped than apologize for anything; after we get older we would rather apologize for anything than be whipped.

Not a mile of railroad track was laid last year in Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and only one mile in Kansas.

A French specialist in nerve diseases writing of the number of American women who are threatened with nerve prostration, and go to Europe as a rest cure, says: "They break down, many of them, not from too much brain-work, but brain work in too many directions. The Frenchwoman is satisfied to be either a good mother, a servant, or a leader of society. But the American tries to be all of these at once."

A family living in Susquehanna, Pa., has a crow that gets drunk on beer. He steals into the cellar and manages to break a bottle of beer, and drinks what remains in the bottle. Then he carries the pieces of the broken bottle out of the window and disposes of them so that no trace remains of the theft. When he presents himself upstairs his gait is unsteady, his voice is hoarse, and he looks upon the world with bloodshot eyes and in an evil temper.

Religion becomes ridiculous when a congregation of only thirteen people, with only six in condition to pay, takes upon itself the support of a church and a minister. The instance in Atchison has a parallel in almost every town in the United States. There are too many churches and too many ministers to support. Hard times have resulted in cutting down the number of amusement halls, the cost of clothes, food, etc., but have had no effect in cutting down the number of churches to be supported. There are a great many people who imagine that they can't go to heaven unless their path is paved with debts incurred in keeping up a church.

New Yorkers are making an attempt to secure the passage of a law limiting the height of buildings. Architects and health experts have been giving testimony to a committee of the board of trade with a view to ascertaining where the limit ought to be put. The chief of the fire department said it was impossible to fight fires in buildings more than 125 feet high. But the newest and strongest testimony against the high building was furnished by Charles S. Wilson, president of the board of health. "I find," said he, "that above a height of seventy feet the air in big cities is full of smoke and gas, and necessarily unhealthy. Then it is difficult to get good water up to the high floors of the big buildings, to say nothing of the dangers by fire and collapse."

The part played by the Bank of Spain in floating the new loan destined to provide resources for the continuance of the war in Cuba has placed that institution in a very awkward position. For, in addition to the immense sums which it has furnished to the government itself, it has advanced, one way and another, nearly \$40,000,000 to people who subscribed for the loan. The bank may therefore be said to have found the major portion of the money subscribed. Besides this the bank is a creditor to the government under various heads to the extent of more than \$250,000,000. Inasmuch as the capital fully paid up of the bank, together with its reserve fund, only amounts to \$30,000,000, it will readily be seen that the strain to which this, the leading financial institution in Spain, is being subjected is tremendous and cannot be continued much longer before disaster ensues.



PART II.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Now, Richard, think very carefully. You speak of the missing finger joint. We doctors know how many people persuade themselves into all sorts of things. Tell me, did you notice the likeness before you saw the mutilated finger, or did the fact of the finger's being mutilated bring the likeness to your mind?"

"Bless the man," I said. "One would think I had no eyes. I tell you there is no doubt about this man being the original of the photo."

"Never mind—answer my question." "Well, then, I am ashamed to confess it, but I put the photo in my pocket, and forgot all about it until I had recognized the man, and pulled out the likeness to make sure. I didn't even know there was a printed description at the foot, nor that any member was wanting. Confound it, Brand! I'm not such a duffer as you think."

Brand did not retaliate. He turned to his friend and said gravely, "To me the matter is inexplicable. Take your own course, as I promised you should." Then he sat down, looking deliciously crestfallen, and wearing the discontented expression always natural to him when worsted in argument.

It was now Carriston's turn. He plied me with many questions. In fact, I gave him the whole history of my adventure. "What kind of house is it?" he asked.

"Better than a cottage—scarcely a farm-house. A place, I should think, with a few miserable acres of bad land belonging to it. One of those wretched little holdings which are simply curses to the country."

He made lots of other inquiries, the purport of which I could not then divine. He seemed greatly impressed when I told him that the man had never for a moment left me alone.

He shot a second glance of triumph at Brand, who still kept silent, and looked as if all the wind had been taken out of his sails.

"How far is the place?" asked Carriston. "Could you drive me there after dark?"

At this question the doctor returned to life. "What do you mean to do?" he asked his friend. "Let us have no nonsense. Even now I feel sure that Fenton is misled by some chance resemblance."

"Duce a bit, old chap," I said. "Well, whether or not, we needn't do foolish things. We must go and swear information and get a search warrant, and the assistance of the police. The truth is, Richard," he continued, turning to me, "we have reason to believe, or I should say Carriston persists in fancying that a friend of his has for some time been kept in durance by the man whom you say you recognized."

"Likely enough," I said. "He looked villain enough for anything up to murder."

"Anyway," said Brand, "we must do everything according to law."

"Law! I want no law," answered Carriston. "I have found her as I knew I should find her. I shall simply fetch her, and at once. You can come with me or stay here, as you like, doctor, but I am afraid I must trouble your friend to drive me somewhere near the place he speaks of."

Foreseeing an adventure and great fun—moreover, not unmoved by thoughts of revenge—I placed myself entirely at Carriston's disposal. He expressed his gratitude and suggested that we should start at once. In a few minutes we were ready and mounted the dog cart. Brand, after grumbling loudly at the whole proceeding, finished up by following us, and installing himself in the back seat. Carriston placed a parcel he carried inside the cart, and away we went.

It was now nearly dark, and raining very heavily. I had my lamps lighted, so we got along without much difficulty. The roads were deep with mud; but by this time the snow had been pretty nearly washed away from everywhere. I don't make a mistake in a road twice, so in due course we reached the scene of my upset. Here I drew up.

"The house lies about five hundred yards up the lane," I told Carriston; "we had better get out here."

"What about the horse?" asked Brand.

"No chance of any one passing this way at such a night as this, so let us put out the lamps and tie him up somewhere."

We did so, then struggled on afoot until we saw the gleam of light which had been so welcome to me two nights before.

It was about as dark as pitch; but, guided by the light, we went on until we stood in front of the house, where a turn bank and a dry hedge hid us from sight, although on such a night

we had little fear of our presence being discovered.

"What do you mean to do now?" asked Brand, in a discontented whisper. "You can't break into the house."

Carriston said nothing for a minute, then I felt him place his hand on my shoulder.

"Are there any horses, any cows about the place?" he asked.

I told him I thought that my surly friend rejoiced in the possession of a horse and cow.

"Very well. Then we must wait. He'll come out to see them before he goes to bed," said Carriston, as decidedly as a general giving orders just before a battle.

I could not see how Brand expressed his feelings upon hearing this order from our commander—I know I shrugged my shoulders, and, if I said nothing, I thought a deal. The present situation was all very well for a strongly interested party like Carriston, but he could scarcely expect others to relish the prospect of waiting, it might be for hours, under that comfortless hedge. We were all wet to the skin, and, although I was extremely anxious to see the end of the expedition, and find poetical justice meted out to my late host, Carriston's Fabian tactics lacked the excitement I longed for.

Brand, in spite of his disapproval of the whole course of action, was better off than I was. As a doctor, he must have felt sure that, provided he could survive the exposure, he would secure two fresh patients. However, we made no protest, but waited for events to develop themselves.



V. MORE than half an hour went by. I was growing numb and tired, and beginning to think that we were making asses of ourselves, when I heard the rattle of a chain, and felt Carriston give my arm a warning touch. No doubt my late host had made sure that his new door fastenings were equal to a stronger test than that to which I had subjected the former ones, so we were wise in not attempting to carry his castle by force.

The door opened and closed again. I saw the feeble glimmer of a lantern moving toward the outhouse in which my horse had been stabled. I heard a slight rustling in the hedge, and, stretching out my arm, found that Carriston had left my side. In the absence of any command from him I did not follow, but resumed the old occupation—waiting.

In a few minutes the light of the lantern reappeared; the bearer stood on the threshold of the house, while I wondered what Carriston was doing. Just as the door was opened for the boor's readmittance, a dark figure sprang upon him. I heard a fierce oath and cry of surprise; then the lantern flew out of the man's hand, and he and his assailant tumbled struggling through the narrow doorway.

"Hurrah! the door is won, anyway!" I shouted as, followed closely by the doctor, I jumped over the hedge and rushed to the scene of the fray.

Although Carriston's well conceived attack was so vigorous and unexpected that the man went down under it; although our leader utilized the advantage he had gained in a proper and laudable manner, by bumping that thick bullet head as violently as he could against the flags on which it lay, I doubt if, after all, he could have done his work alone. The countryman was a muscular brute and Carriston but a stripling. However, our arrival speedily settled the question.

"Bind him!" panted Carriston; "there is cord in my pocket." He appeared to have come quite prepared for contingencies. While Carriston still embraced his prostrate foe, and Brand, to facilitate matters, knelt on his shoulder, sat on his head, or did something else useful, I drew out from the first pocket I tried a nice length of half inch line, and had the immense satisfaction of trussing up my scowling friend in a most workmanlike manner. He must have felt those turns on his wrist for days afterward. Yet when we were at last at liberty to rise and leave him lying helpless on his kitchen floor, I considered I exercised great self-denial in not bestowing a few kicks upon him, as he swore at us in his broadest vernacular in a way which under the circumstances, was no doubt a comfort to him.

We scarcely noticed the man's wife while we rendered her husband helpless. As we entered she attempted to fly out, but Brand, with the promptitude which I am glad to record, intercepted her, closed the door, turned and pocketed the key. After that the

woman sat on the floor and rocked herself to and fro.

For some moments, while recovering his breath, Carriston stood and positively glared at his prostrate foe. At last he found words.

"Where is she? Where is the key, you hound?" he thundered out, stooping over the fellow and shaking him with a violence which did my heart good. As he received no answer save the unrecordable expressions above mentioned, we unbolted the wretch's pockets and searched those greasy receptacles. Among the usual litter we did certainly find a key. Carriston snatched at it, and shouting "Madeline! Madeline! I come," rushed out of the room like a maniac, leaving Brand and me to keep guard over our prisoners.

I filled a pipe, lit it, and then came back to my fallen foe.

"I say, old chap," I said, stirring him gently with the toe of my boot, "this will be a lesson to you. Remember, I told you that civility costs nothing. If you had given me Christian bed accommodation instead of making me wear out my poor bones on that infernal chair, you could have jogged along in your rascality comfortably, so far as I am concerned."

He was very ungrateful—so much so that my desire to kick him was intensified. I should not like to swear I did not to a slight degree yield to the temptation.

"Push a handkerchief in his mouth," cried Brand suddenly. "A lady is coming."

With right good will I did as the doctor suggested.

Just then Carriston returned. I don't want to raise home tempests, yet I must say he was accompanied by the most beautiful creature my eyes have ever lighted upon. True, she was pale as a lily—looked thin and delicate, and her face bore traces of anxiety and suffering—but for all that she was beautiful—too beautiful for this world, I thought, as I looked at her. She was clinging in a half-frightened, half-confiding way to Carriston, and he—happy fellow!—regardless of our presence, was showering down kisses on her sweet pale face. Confound it! I grow quite romantic as I recall the sight of those lovers.

A most curious young man, that Carriston. He came to us, the lovely girl on his arm, without showing a trace of his recent excitement.

"Let us go now," he said, as calmly as if he had been taking a quiet evening drive. Then he turned to me.

"Do you think, Mr. Fenton, you could without much trouble get the dog cart up to the house?"

I said I would try to do so.

"But what about these people?" asked Brand.

Carriston gave them a contemptuous glance.

"Leave them alone," he said; "they are but the tools of another—him I cannot touch. Let us go."

"Yes, yes. But why not verify our suspicions while we can?"

Just like Brand! He's always wanting to verify everything.

In searching for the key we had found some papers on our prisoner. Brand examined them, and handed to Carriston an envelope which contained what appeared like banknotes.

Carriston glanced at it. "The handwriting is, of course, disguised," he said carelessly, "but as postmark shows whence it came. It is as I always told you. You agree with me now?"

"I am afraid I must," said Brand, humbly. "But we must do something about this man," he continued.

Hereupon Carriston turned to our prisoner. "Listen, you villain," he said. "I will let you go scot-free if you breathe no word of this to your employer for the next fortnight. If he learns from you what has happened before that time, I swear you shall go to penal servitude. Which do you choose?"

I pulled out the gag, and it is needless to say which the fellow chose.

Then I went off and recovered the horse and cart. I relighted the lamps, and with some difficulty got the dog cart up to the house. Carriston must have exactly anticipated the events of the night. The parcel he had brought with him contained a bonnet and a thick warm cloak. His beautiful friend was equipped with these; then, leaving the woman of the house to untie her husband at her leisure and pleasure, away we started, the doctor sitting by me, Carriston and the lady behind.

We just managed to catch the last train from C—. Not feeling sure as to what form inquiries might take tomorrow, I thought it better to go up to town with my friends, so, as we passed through Midcombe, I stopped, paid my bill, and gave instructions for my luggage to be forwarded to me. By six o'clock the next morning we were all in London.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Wifkes is a most absurd sonnambu-lit." "What's he done now?" "He's just come back from a yachting holiday, and last night he sat down in a bath and baled it out until it flooded the whole floor."—Tit-Bits.

Peaceful Slumber Unknown.

DREADFUL DREAMS DRIVE SLEEP AWAY.

For Eight Years a Lady of Emporia, Kansas, Suffers Unspeakable Agony—She Relates Her Experience.

From the Republican, Emporia, Kan.

Mrs. Jennie Carlow resides at 713 Merchant Street, Emporia, Kansas, and is the wife of W. R. Carlow, proprietor of the Carlow Wagon and Blacksmith Works, who is so well known as the "Past Grand" and as one of the most active members in Lodge 15, I. O. O. F., of Emporia.

The distress of a condition of chronic sleeplessness is so terrible. Mrs. Carlow's sufferings from it so well known, our readers will feel sure, will welcome the good news that she is now well, and will be glad to know how the cure was accomplished.

Mrs. Carlow's statement is hereto appended in narrative form:

"For many years I was a confirmed invalid, suffering constant pains through my breast and back, of the most excruciating type, rendering me absolutely helpless. I was unable to rise up or lie down without assistance, and was subject to the least reaction to flutterings of the heart and such shortness of breath, or dyspnea, that I often thought I was dying."

"Peaceful slumber was unknown to me. I would fall into a doze only to be awakened by the most horrible dreams, of too frightful a character to describe, and in the morning instead of being refreshed and rested, I would be utterly exhausted."

"I was attended at various times by every physician in the city, but none of them could do me any good, though I spent hundreds of dollars in my quest of health. About three months ago, Mrs. Elizabeth Drake, whom you perhaps know, spoke to my husband advising a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, stating that they had permanently cured her after years of suffering from milk fever, and he at once procured a supply for me."

"By the time I had taken two boxes according to directions, for the first time in two years, I was able to enjoy peaceful and restful sleep, and as I continued to take them my health improved, so that now while using the fifth box, I feel quite recovered and my health is entirely restored. I still take two pills every night just before retiring, and wake up every morning perfectly happy."

"I advise every one whom I hear complaining to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for although I recognize the fact that medicine that will cure one, will not another, still as most diseases are due to a bad condition of the blood, Pink Pills in such cases will prove a certain cure. It is but natural that I should have the most unbounded faith in them. I am only too glad to bear testimony through your paper as to what they have done for me."

The above is an exact report of Mrs. Carlow's statement. CHARLES HARRIS, (Signed) Reporter, Emporia, Kan.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$3.00 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

John the Baptist and His Griddle.

Kate and Reed are two little New Orleans folks who are just big enough to begin to study the Sunday school lesson by themselves. One morning Kate was struggling through the third chapter of Matthew, while Reed, with his knees drawn up, his chin resting on them and his hat on the back of his head, listened intently. "And the John same had his raiment of camel's hair and aleathern girdle around his loins, and his meat was locusts and wild honey," spelled Kate, slowly and with difficulty. "Kate," said Reed, suddenly, "what did he want with that griddle?" "Don't know," said Kate. After thinking like a steam engine for a minute Reed's face brightened all over, and he burst out: "I know; he wanted it to fry his locusts on!"

Doubles the Pleasure of a Drive.

A fine carriage doubles the pleasure of driving. Intending buyers of carriages or harness can save dollars by sending for the large, free catalogue of the Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Could Change His Music.

Chairman of Church Music Committee—"The tenor told me yesterday that unless he could get an increase of \$100 on his salary next year he would not sing. What shall I tell him?" Deacon Jones—"Tell him he can whistle for it."

A self-made man should be sure that the job has been well done before he brags about it.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient's strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. See Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Massachusetts annually imports from beyond her border eggs to the value of \$5,000,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 30 cents a bottle.

Squeaky shoes squeak louder than usual when a storm is coming.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

More building was done in Boston in 1896 than the year previous.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascara candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

The Detroit Tribune insists that there is poetry in everything, including the waste basket.